

POETICAL.

How Could I?

He carried my satchel to school,
And me through the drifts carried, too;
Could I think why he hugged me so close?
If I couldn't, how could I? could you?

At eve, he fled under my chin
My hood, with its bright ribbons blue:
Why he gazed in my face could I tell?
If I couldn't, how could I? could you?

He told me my eyes were so black,
The brightest of any he knew;
I blushed and looked down—could I help it?
If I couldn't, how could I? could you?

He left on my cheek a warm kiss,
Then off with the lightning speed flew;
If I could, I'd have scolded and stamped;
If I couldn't, how could I? could you?

'Twas long years ago, and since then
He has spoken words loving and true;
I only leaned close to his breast,
For how could I help it? could you?

HONESTY THE BEST POLICY.

Charles Perrin lost both parents before he could articulate their names, and was obliged to go to a charity-house for his education.—At the age of fifteen, he was hired by a farmer to be a shepherd in the neighborhood of Lucetta, who kept her father's sheep. They often met and were fond of being together. Five years thus passed, when their sensations became more serious.

Perrin proposed to Lucetta to demand her from her father; she blushed and confessed her willingness. As she had an errand to the town next day, the opportunity of her absence was chosen for making the proposal. "You want to marry my daughter," said the old man. "Have you a house to cover her, or money to maintain her? Lucetta's fortune is not enough for both. It won't do, Perrin, it won't do."

"But," replied Perrin, "I have hands to work; I have laid up twenty crowns of my wages, which will defray the expenses of the wedding; I'll work the harder and lay up more."

"Well," said the old man, "you are young and may wait a little; get rich and my daughter is at your service."

Perrin waited for Lucetta's returning in the evening. "Has my father given you a refusal?" cried Lucetta. "Ah, Lucetta," cried Perrin, "how unhappy am I for being poor! But I have not lost all hopes. My circumstances may change for the better." As they never grew tired of conversing together, the night grew on and it became dark. Perrin making a false step, fell on the ground. He found a bag which was heavy. Drawing towards a light in the neighborhood, he discovered that it was full of gold. "I thank heaven," cried Perrin, in a transport, "for being favorable to our wishes. This will satisfy your father, and make us happy."

On their way to her father's house, a thought struck Perrin. "This money is not ours; it belongs to some stranger, and perhaps at this moment he is lamenting the loss of it. Let us go to the vicar for advice. He has always been kind." Perrin put the bag into the vicar's hand, saying that at first he looked on it as a providential present to remove the only obstacle to their marriage; but that he now doubted whether he could lawfully retain it. The vicar eyed the lovers with attention. He admired their honesty, which appeared even to surpass their affection. "Perrin," said he, "cheer up these sentiments. Heaven will bless you. We will endeavor to find out the owner. He will reward your honesty; I will add what I can spare. You shall have Lucetta."

The bag was advertised in the newspapers and cried in the neighboring parishes. Some time having elapsed, and the money not demanded, the vicar carried it to Perrin.—"These 12,000 livres bear at present no profit. You may reap the interest at least. Lay them out in such a manner as to insure the sum itself to the owner, if he shall appear."

"Perrin, one evening, returning homeward from his work, saw a chaise overturned with two gentlemen in it. He ran to their assistance, and offered them every accommodation his small house could afford. "This spot," said one of the gentlemen, "is very fatal to me. Ten years ago I lost here twelve thousand livres." Perrin listened with attention.—"What search made you for them?" said he. "It was not in my power," replied the stranger. "To make any search. I was hurrying to Port l'Orient to embark for the Indies, for the vessel was ready to sail."

Next morning, Perrin showed to his guests his house, his garden, his cattle, and mentioned the produce of his fields. "All these are your property," said he, addressing the gentleman who had lost the bag; "the money fell into my hands; I purchased this farm with it; this farm is yours. The vicar has an instrument which secures your property, though I had died without seeing you."

The stranger read the instrument with emotion. He looked on Perrin, Lucetta and the children. "Where am I?" cried he, "and what do I hear? What virtue in people so low! Have you any other land but this farm?" "No," replied Perrin; "but you will have occasion for a tenant; and I hope you will allow me to remain here." "Your honesty deserves a better recompense," answered the stranger; "my success in trade has been great, and I have forgotten my loss. You are well entitled to this little fortune, keep it as your own."

What man in this world would have acted like Perrin? Perrin and Lucetta shed tears of affection and joy. "My dear benefactor," said he, "kiss the hand of your benefactor. Lucetta, this farm now belongs to us, and we can enjoy it without anxiety or remorse." Thus was honesty rewarded.

Let those who desire the reward, practice the virtue.

Marriage.

BY JOSH BILLINGS.

Marriage is a fair transaction on the face of it.

But there is quite too often put-up jobs in it.

It is an old institution, older than the pyramids, and as full of hieroglyphics that nobody can parse.

History holds its tongue who the pair was that first put on the silken harness and promised to work kind in it, thro' thick and thin, up hill and down, and on the level, rain or shine, survive or perish, sink or swim, drown or float.

But whoever they was, they must have made a good thing out of it; or so many of their posterity would not have harnessed up since and drove out.

There is a great moral grip to marriage; it is the mortar that holds the social brick together.

But there ain't but few folks who put their money in matrimony, who could set down and give a good written opinion why on earth they cum to do it.

This is a great proof that it is one of them natural kinds of accidents that must happen, just as birds fly out of the nest when they have feathered enough, without being able to tell why.

Sum marry for beauty and never discover their mistake. This is lucky.

Sum marry for money, and don't see it.

Sum marry for pedigree, and feel big for six months, and then very sensibly cum to the conclusion that pedigree is no better than skum milk.

Sum marry because they have been high-tailed somewhere else. This is a cross match—a bay and a sorrel; pride may make it indurable.

Sum marry for love without a cent in their pocket, nor a friend in the world, nor a drop of pedigree. This looks desperate, but it is the strength of the game.

If marrying for love is not a success, then matrimony is a dead beat.

Sum marry because they think women will be scarce next year, and live to wonder how the crops holds out.

Sum marry to get rid of themselves, and discover the game was one two could play at, and neither win.

Sum marry the second time to get even, and find it a gambling game—the more they put down the less they take up.

Sum marry to be happy, and not finding it, wonder where all the happiness goes when it dies.

Sum marry, they can't tell why, and live, they can't tell how.

Almost everybody gets married and it is a good joke.

Sum marry in haste, and then set and think it carefully over.

Sum think it carefully over first, and then marry and set down.

Both ways are right if they hit the mark. Sum marry rakes, to convert them.

This is a little risky, and takes a smart missionary to do it.

Some marry couquets. This is like buying a poor farm, heavily mortgaged, and working the balance of your days to clear off the mortgages.

Married life has its chances, and this is just what gives it its flavor. Everybody loves to fool with chances, because everybody expects to win. But I am authorized to state that everybody don't win.

But after all, married life is full as certain as the dry goods business.

No man can swear exactly where he will fetch up when he touches calico.

No man can tell just what calico has made up its mind to do next.

Calico don't know even herself.

Dry goods of all kinds is the child of circumstances.

Sum never marry, but this is just as risky, the disease is the same with another name with it.

The man who stands on the banks shivering and dant, is more apt to catch cold than him who pitches head first in the water.

There are few who never marry because they won't—they all hanker, and the most of them starve with bread before them, spread on both sides, just for the lack of grit.

Marry young is my motto.

I have tried it and I know what I am talking about.

If anybody asks you why you got married—if needs be—tell them you don't recollect.

Marriage is a safe way to gamble—if you win you get a pile; if you lose, you don't lose anything, only the privilege of living dismally alone, and soaking your own feet.

I repeat it, marry young.

There is but one good excuse for a marriage late in life, and that is a second marriage.

COUNTING UP.—A man who passed through Nevada City, Mo., one day last week, on his way to seek a location in which to settle, is sixty-four years old, and had with him ninety-four children, grand-children, and great-grandchildren. The colony were from Indiana. The man stated that his brother was coming out as soon as he settled, and that he (the brother) had one hundred and seventeen children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren. A gentleman went to one wagon that had so many heads sticking out from under the wagon sheet that it looked like a coop full of chickens, and asked a woman in the vehicle how many children she had. She looked around as if counting them, and said: "I had fourteen when I started, and I guess they are all here."

Open your heart to sympathy, but close it to dependency. The flower which opens to receive the dew shuts against rain.

Jackson's Mother.

An anecdote relating to his parting from his mother in his outset in life illustrates this as prominent in the attributes of his nature at that time. The writer heard him narrate this after his return from Washington when his last Presidential term had expired.

When about to emigrate to Tennessee, the family were residing in the neighborhood of Greensboro, N. C. "I had," he said, "contemplated this step for some months, and had made arrangements to do so, and at last had obtained my mother's consent to do it. All my worldly goods were a few dollars in my purse, some clothes in my saddle-bags, a pretty good horse, saddle and bridle. The country to which I was going was comparatively a wilderness, and the trip a long one, beset by many difficulties, especially from the Indians. I felt, and so did my mother, that we were parting forever. I knew that she would not recall her promise; there was too much spunk in her for that, and this caused me to linger a day or two longer than I had intended."

"But the time came for the painful parting. My mother was a little, dumpy, red-headed Irish woman. 'Well, mother, I am ready to leave, and I must say farewell.' She took my hand, and pressing it, said, 'Farewell,' and her emotion choked her."

"Kissing at meetings and partings in that day was not so common as now. I turned from her and walked rapidly to my horse."

"As I was mounting him she came out of the cabin wiping her eyes with her apron, and came to the getting-over place at the fence. 'Andy,' said she, (she always called me Andy) 'you are going to a new country and among a rough people. You will have to depend on yourself and cut your own way through the world. I have nothing to give you but a mother's advice. Never tell a lie, nor take what is not your own, nor sue anybody for slander or assault and battery. Always settle them cases yourself.' I promised, and I have tried to keep that promise. I rode off some two hundred yards to a turn in the path and looked back; she was still standing at the fence and wiping her eyes. I never saw her after that." Then that know him best will testify to his fidelity to this last promise made to his mother.

Rising in the World.

You should bear constantly in mind that nine tenths of us are from the very nature and necessities of the world, born to earn our livelihood by the sweat of our brow. What reason have we then to presume that our children are not to do the same? If they be—as now and then one will be—endowed with extraordinary powers of mind, these powers may have an opportunity of developing themselves; and if they never have that opportunity, the harm is not very great to us or to them. Nor does it hence follow that the descendants of laborers are always to be laborers. The path upward is steep and long, to be sure. Industry, care, skill, experience in the present parents, lay the foundation of a rise under more favorable circumstances for the children. The children of these take another rise; and by-and-by the descendants of the present laborer become gentlemen. This is the natural progress. It is by attempting to reach the top at a single leap that so much misery is produced in the world; and the propensity to make such an attempt has been cherished and encouraged by the strange projects we have witnessed of late years for making the laborers virtuous and happy by giving them what is called education. The education I speak of consists of bringing up children to labor with steadiness, with care, and with skill; to show them how to do as many useful things as possible; to teach them how to do them in the best manner; to set them an example of industry, society, cleanliness and neatness; to make all these habitual to them, so that they shall never be liable to fall into the contrary practices; to let them always see a good living proceeding from labor, and thus to remove from them the temptation to get at the goods of others by violence or fraudulent means, and to keep far from their minds all the inducement to hypocrisy and deceit.

Alphabet of Proverbs.

A grain of produce is worth a pound of craft.
Boasters are cousins to liars.
Confession of fault makes half amends.
Denying a fault doubles it.
Envy shooteth at others and woundeth herself.
Foolish fear doubles danger.
God reaches us good things by our hands.
He has hard work who has nothing to do.
It costs more to avenge wrongs than to bear them.
Knavery is the worst trade.
Learning makes man fit company for himself.
Modesty is a guard to virtue.
Not to hear conscience is the way to silence it.
One hour to-day is worth two to-morrow.
Proud looks make foul work in fair faces.
Quiet conscience gives sweet sleep.
Richer is he that wants least.
Small faults indulged are the little thieves that let in greater.
Thoughts that bear most bang lowest.
Upright walking is sure walking.
Virtue and happiness are mother and daughter.
Wise men make more opportunities than they find.
You never lose by doing a good turn.
Zeal without knowledge is fire without light.

Maxims for Young Ladies.

Never make your appearance in the morning without having first bathed, if only with a sponge and a quart of water, brushed and arranged your hair, and dressed yourself neatly and completely.

Keep your clothing, especially your under-clothing, in perfect order. Never let pins do duty as buttons, or strings take the place of proper bands.

Examine every garment when it comes from the wash, and, if necessary, mend it with neatness and precision. Do not sew up the holes in your stockings, as we have seen some careless, untidy girls do, but take in a broad margin around the hole, be it small or large, with a fine darning needle and darning cotton, and cover the fracture with an interlocked stitch, so close as to be as strong as the body of the stocking, and fine enough to be ornamental.

Stockings mended in this way need darning but a very few times in the course of their existence.

Never carry coarse embroidered or lace handkerchiefs. Fine plain ones are much more ladylike.

Avoid open worked stockings and very flimsy slippers. Fine plain white hose and black kid slippers with only a strap or rosette in front, are more becoming.

Train yourself to useful occupation. Remember it is wicked to waste time, and nothing gives such an impression of vanity and absolute silliness as a habit of idling, and never having anything to do.

If you are in your father's house, take some department of household labor upon yourself, and a part of the sewing, and make it your business to attend to it. Do not let a call from this idle girl, or a visit from that, or an invitation from the other, interfere with the performance of your duty.

Let your pleasure come in as a recreation—not as the business of your life.

If you can, cultivate some art by which you can gain an independent livelihood.—Do it whether there is necessity for it or not. Do it quietly if you will, but do it. There is no telling when or under what circumstances you may need it.—*Demorest's Magazine.*

A SHORT STORY, WITH A MORAL.—An English writer says: "That night I was out late; I returned by the Lee wharf about eleven o'clock. As I approached, I saw a strange looking object cowering under the low caves. A cold rain was falling; it was autumn. I drew near, and there was Millie, wet to the skin. Her father had driven her out some hours before; she had lain down to listen for the heavy snoring of his drunken slumbers, so that she might creep back to bed. Before she heard it, nature seemed exhausted and she fell into a troubled sleep, with rain drops pattering upon her. I tried to take her home with me; but so true as a martyr to his faith, she struggled from me and returned to the silent and dark cabin. Things went on for weeks and months, but at length Lee grew less violent, even in his drunken, fits to his self-denying child; and one day when he awoke from a slumber after a debauch, and found her preparing breakfast for him, and singing a childish song, he turned to her, and with a tone almost tender, said: 'Millie, what makes you stay with me?' 'Because you are my father, and I love you.' 'You love me,' repeated the wretched man, 'you love me.' He looked at his bloated limbs, his soiled and ragged clothes. 'Love me,' he still murmured. 'Millie, what makes you love me? I am a poor drunkard; why do you?' 'Dear father,' said the girl, with swimming eyes, 'my mother taught me to love you, and every night she comes from heaven and stands by my little bed, and says, 'Millie, don't leave your father; he will get away from the rum fiend some of these days and then how happy you will be.' The quiet, persistent love of this child was the redemption of this man."

COURAGE IN EVERY-DAY LIFE.—Have the courage to discharge a debt while you have the money in your pocket.

Have the courage to do without that which you do not need, however much your eyes may covet it.

Have the courage to speak your mind when it is necessary you should do so, and to hold your tongue when it is prudent you should do so.

Have the courage to speak to a friend in a "ready" cost, even though you are in company with a rich one, and richly attired.

Have the courage to make a will and a just one.

Have the courage to tell a man why you do not lend him your money.

Have the courage to cut the most agreeable acquaintance you have, when you are convinced that he lacks principle. "A friend should bear with a friend's infirmities," but not his vices.

Have the courage to show that you respect honesty in whatever guise it appears; and your contempt for dishonest duplicity, by whomsoever exhibited.

Have the courage to wear your old clothes until you pay for your new ones.

Have the courage to obey your Maker at the risk of being ridiculed by men.

Have the courage to prefer comfort and prosperity to fashion in all things.

A lady was walking one day through the streets of London, when the tray of a butcher's boy came in contact with her and soiled her dress. "The duce take the tray," she exclaimed angrily. "Ah, but the duce can't take the tray," replied the boy.

"My boy," said a clergyman, "don't you know that it is wicked to catch fish on Sunday?" "But I ain't sinned much yet," said the boy, without taking his eyes from the float—"hain't had a bite."

Miscellaneous Advertisements.

Greenville and Columbia Railroad.

On and after Monday, August 1, the following Schedule will be run daily, Sundays excepted, connecting with Night Trains on South Carolina Road, up and down, also with Trains going South on Charlotte, Columbia and Augusta Railroad:

UP TRAIN.
Leave Columbia, 8 15 a.m.
Leave Alston, 9 38 a.m.
Leave Newberry, 11 03 a.m.
Arrive at Abbeville, 3 00 p.m.
Arrive at Anderson, 4 30 p.m.
Arrive at Greenville, 5 00 p.m.

DOWN TRAIN.
Leave Greenville, 7 00 a.m.
Leave Anderson, 7 30 a.m.
Leave Abbeville, 9 00 a.m.
Leave Newberry, 12 47 p.m.
Leave Alston, 4 30 p.m.
Arrive at Columbia, 3 45 p.m.

JOHN H. MORE, Gen'l Supt.
July 28, 1870 42

Change of Schedule on B. R. R. R.

On and after Monday, August 1, Trains on this Road will run every day, Sundays excepted, connecting with the Greenville and Columbia Railroad at Anderson, viz:

UP TRAIN.
Leave Anderson, 4 20 P. M.
" Pendleton, 5 20 "
" Perryville, 6 00 "
Arrive at Wallhalla, 7 00 "

DOWN TRAIN.
Leave Wallhalla, 5 00 A. M.
" Perryville, 5 45 "
" Pendleton, 6 30 "
Arrive at Anderson, 7 20 "

Waiting one hour after usual time for arrival of the G. and C. train except on Saturdays, when it will wait until the other train arrives.

W. H. B. GALLARD, Supt.
August 1, 1870 42

MERCHANT TAILOR.

HAVING NOW PERMANENTLY LOCATED in the growing

TOWN OF WALLHALLA.

Thankful for past patronage, I respectfully solicit a call from my old friends and the public generally.
All work guaranteed to give entire satisfaction.

SHOP IN MR. D. BIEMANN'S
New Building on West side of Main Street.
W. WALSMANN.
August 19, 1870 44 1y

S. H. RUSSELL, Watchmaker and Jeweller, WALLHALLA, S. C.

REPAIRING WATCHES, CLOCKS AND JEWELRY; also, repairing Pistols, Music Boxes, Sewing Machines, &c., &c.
Having had long experience, besides serving three and a half years as an apprentice, I feel safe to warrant all work done at my hands. Prices moderate and lower than you ever knew or heard of. Give me a trial and I promise satisfaction.
Room two doors East of Biemann's Hotel.
April 29, 1870 28

THE UNRIVALLED AMERICAN DOUBLE TURBINE WATER WHEEL, Mill Gearing, Shafting & Pulleys, STEAM ENGINES & BOILERS. POOLE & HUNT, BALTIMORE. SEND FOR A CIRCULAR.

Sept. 16, 1870 43 1y

Columbia Advertisements.

M. GOLDSMITH, P. KIND

GOLDSMITH & KIND, FOUNDERS & MACHINISTS

PHENIX IRON WORKS,

COLUMBIA, S. C.

MANUFACTURERS OF

Steam Engines of all sizes, Horse Powers, Circular and Mangle saw Mills, Flour Mills, Grist, Sugar and Cane and other Mills, Ornamental House and Store Fronts, Railings for Grave yards, Verandahs, etc.; Agricultural Implements, Brass and Iron Castings of all kinds, made to order on short notice, and on the most reasonable terms. Also, sole Manufacturers of the best quality of Revolving Cotton Presses for use in South Carolina.

Nov. 30, 1869 8 1y

D. R. STOKES, BLANK BOOK MANUFACTORY

AND

Paper Ruling Establishment,

Opposite the Phoenix and Gleaner Publishing House,

MAIN STREET, COLUMBIA, S. C.

BLANK BOOKS of all kinds, such as School Books, Clerks', Judges of Probate, County Commissioners, etc., made to order and ruled to any pattern, of the best paper and materials, with or without printed headings; also, paper of index or as required.

Special attention given to the binding of Music, Periodicals, Law Books, and all other work.

May 18, 1869 32 1y

C. F. JACKSON, DEALER IN STAPLE AND FANCY DRY GOODS, NOTIONS, &c.

MAIN STREET, Columbia, S. C.,

MY MOTTO:

Quick sales and small profits, and will not be undersold by any house in the City.

June 22, 1869 28

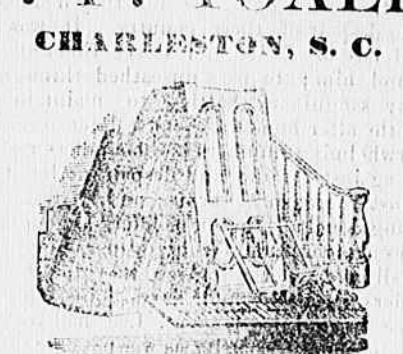
Charleston Advertisements.

SUMMER BITTERS
THE GREAT
SOUTHERN TONIC
CURES
DYSPEPSIA & INDIGESTION
PREVENTS CHILLS & FEVER
CREATES AN APPETITE
SOLD EVERYWHERE
DOWIE, MOISE & DAVIS
PROPRIETORS
& WHOLESALE DRUGGISTS
CHARLESTON, S. C.

For Sale in Wallhalla by W. J. & J. E. NEVILL, DR. A. E. NORMAN, and Dealers generally.

By a recent decision of the Commissioner of Internal Revenue, any person can sell these Bitters without a retail liquor dealer's license.
April 29, 1870 28 1y

P. P. TOALE, CHARLESTON, S. C.



Largest and Most complete
Manufacture of Doors, Sashes,
Blinds, Mouldings, &c., in the
Southern States.

Printed Price List Defies Competition.

SEND FOR ONE.

Sent Free on Application

April 22, 1870 27 1y

STEFFENS, WERNER & DUCKER,

98 EAST BAY and 30 and 32 VENUE RANGE,

Charleston, S. C.,

Wholesale Grocers & Provision Dealers,

Auction & Commission Merchants,

AND DEALERS IN ALL KINDS OF

Wines, Liquors, Segars and Tobacco.

Special attention will be given to the sale of Country Produce. Goods not in our stock will be purchased on commission and selected with care.
Direct all letters to us—Key Box 88.
REFERENCES.—Jacob Schroder, Messrs. Neville, Col. Wm. C. Keith.
Nov. 30, 1869 8 1y

Wm. Shepherd & Co., No. 24 HAYNE STREET, CHARLESTON, S. C., DEALERS IN

COOKING STOVES,

RANGES & HEATING STOVES.

Pictures of Stoves, with prices and description, will be sent upon application.

June, 29, 1870 37 1y

SEMKEN & PIEPER, Wholesale and Retail Grocers,

659 King St., Cor. of Spring,